



the WONDERFUL WORLD of Disney



Way down yonder in BRIAR PATCH



1. "What's that book you're reading, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy one evening as he and old Uncle Remus sat beside a small pool. Uncle Remus was fishing at the time and he had an open book resting on his knees. "It's a book o' pomes, honey child," replied Uncle Remus, grinning broadly. "A book of poems," repeated the little boy. "I'm not very fond of poetry." Uncle Remus jerked a wriggling fish neatly out of the pool. "Sonny," said he, "pomes are like folks—some is good an' some is bad."

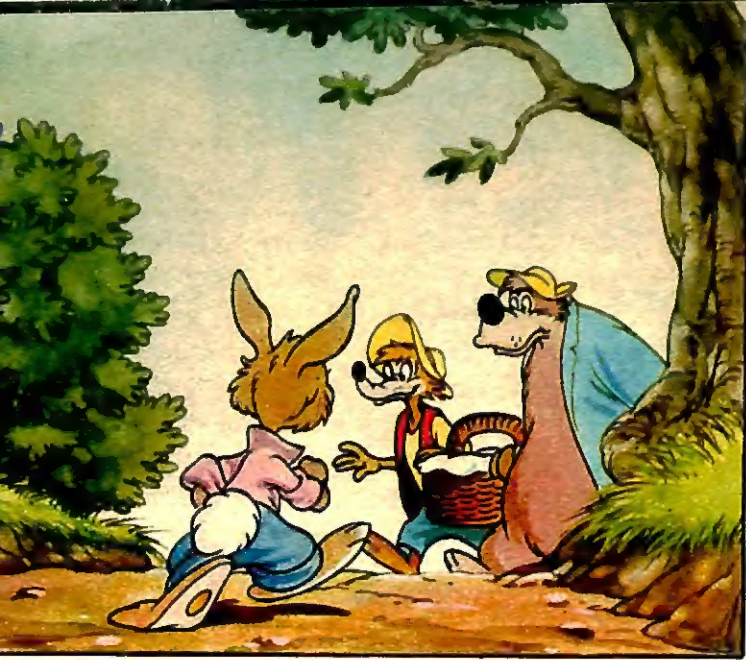


2. "Tell you what, boy," smiled Uncle Remus, "You come along home with me and I'll read you a good pome." "I'd rather listen to a story about Brer Rabbit," said the little boy as they went back to Uncle Remus's shack. "By-an'-by, by-an'-by," murmured Uncle Remus. "Jes you listen to this here pome fust," and with that he began reading—and this is what he read to that little boy on that beautiful evening a long time ago:

I meant to do my work today,
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand—
So what could I do but laugh and go?

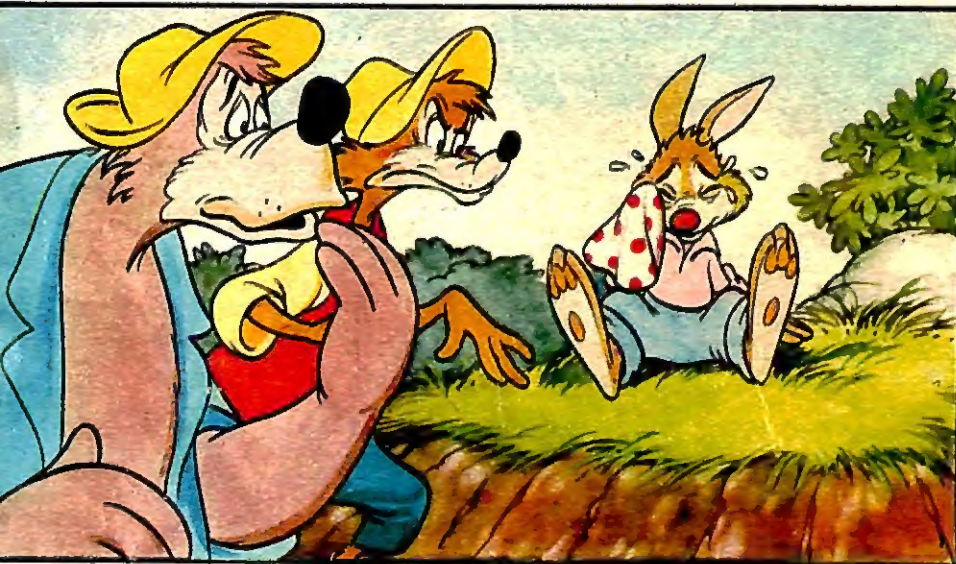
"Don't go before you tell me another Brer Rabbit story, will you?" said the little boy anxiously. Uncle Remus laughed. "O' course not, my golden lad," he chuckled. "Well, now let me see—where shall I begin?" "Why, at the beginning naturally," replied the little boy. So Uncle Remus began to speak.



3. Sittin' here fishin', said Uncle Remus, 'minds me o' the time that old Brer Rabbit walkin' down the lane came face to face with those two rascals Brer Bear and Brer Fox an' they were carryin' a big BIG picnic basket. "Good mornin' folks," says Brer Rabbit in his politest voice, but his eyes were fixed on that there picnic basket swingin' along between them.



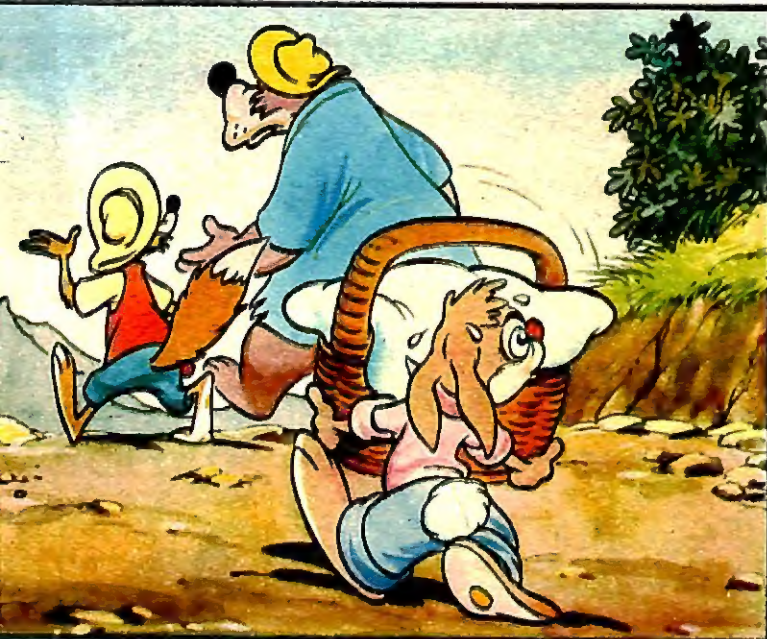
4. "An' how do you find yourselves this mornin'?" went on Brer Rabbit. "I find I'm bein' annoyed by a tricky little wretch called Brer Rabbit," snarled Brer Fox, "that's how I find myself this mornin'." Although Brer Fox was bein' mighty rude, Brer Rabbit didn't twitch a whisker, he didn't. "An' where are you a-goin'?" he asked. "We're goin' on a picnic down by the river," Brer Bear replied, and Brer Fox stamped hard on his toe. "One o' the things about you that's too big, Brer Bear, is your mouth!" said Brer Fox nastily. "Now you done told Brer Rabbit just the very thing that we don't want him to know."



5. Brer Rabbit smiled. "I surely can't understand why you an' Brer Bear goin' on a picnic should be a secret, Brer Fox," says he. "Oh, don't you?" sneered Brer Fox. "Well, you long-eared little peanut, it's 'cos we don't want no greedy rabbits comin' along with us." Then Brer Rabbit, he sits down at the side of the road, he does, an' he takes out a big pocket handkerchief and he starts weepin' buckets o' tears.



6. "Aw, shucks," mumbled Brer Bear, who had a big heart as well as a big mouth. "Why for you cry that way, Brer Rabbit?" "Boo-hoo-hoo!" wept Brer Rabbit. "I'm cryin' 'cos you an' Brer Fox don't want me. It's a terrible thing—a mighty terrible thing—not to be wanted. An' I'm only a poor little harmless rabbit." "Huh! Harmless!" snorted Brer Fox disgustedly but Brer Bear, he felt real sorry for the li'l feller so he says: "Stop weepin', Brer Rabbit, an' we'll let you come on the picnic with us." "Oh no, we won't!" barked Brer Fox. "Oh yes, we will!" bellowed Brer Bear, and he shook a fist that proved his mouth wasn't the only big thing he had.



7. When Brer Fox saw Brer Bear's fist, he knew this was no time for argufyin'. He thought for a moment, he did, then he ups and says: "Very well then, he can come along but he's gotta carry the picnic basket." Brer Rabbit dried his eyes and stopped cryin', he did, and he says: "That suits me, gennelmen." So while Brer Bear and Brer Fox toddled along in front, Brer Rabbit staggered along behind with the heavy picnic basket, a-huffin' an' a-puffin'.



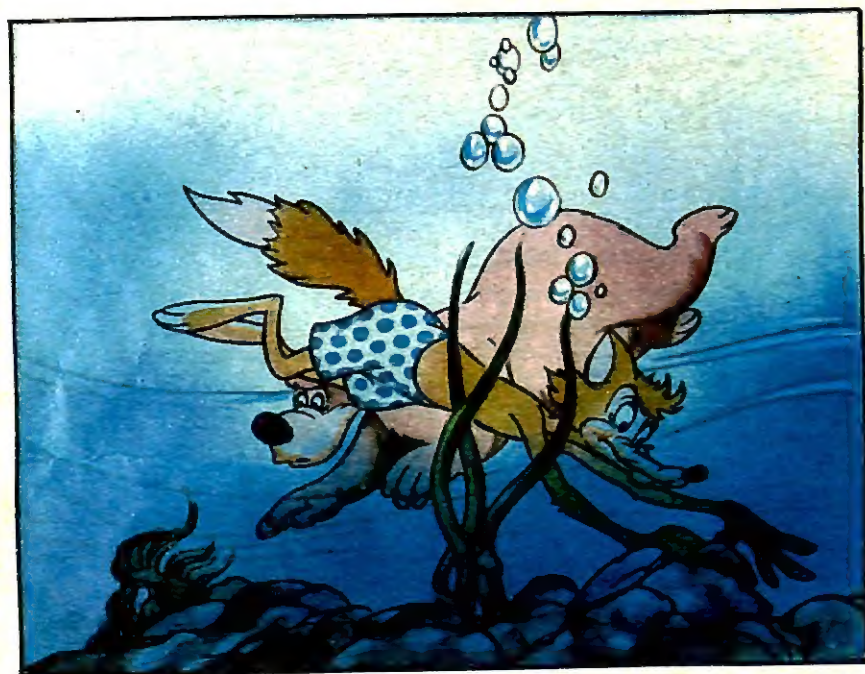
8. Well, at last they reached the river and there they all sat down. Brer Rabbit, he was too fagged out to do anythin' but just lie there an' gasp. So Brer Bear, he opened the picnic basket—an' licked his lips 'cos he an' Brer Fox had brought lots an' lots of goody goodies to eat. "It seems to me," said Brer Bear, "that the biggest feller needs the most food to keep him goin'." So I reckon it's only fair that I should have the biggest share of the picnic food. I'm sure you both agree." Brer Fox took another look at Brer Bear's big fist an' he agreed right away, he did. "So long as I have the next biggest share, I don't mind," he mumbled. Brer Rabbit began to think there wouldn't be any food left for him.



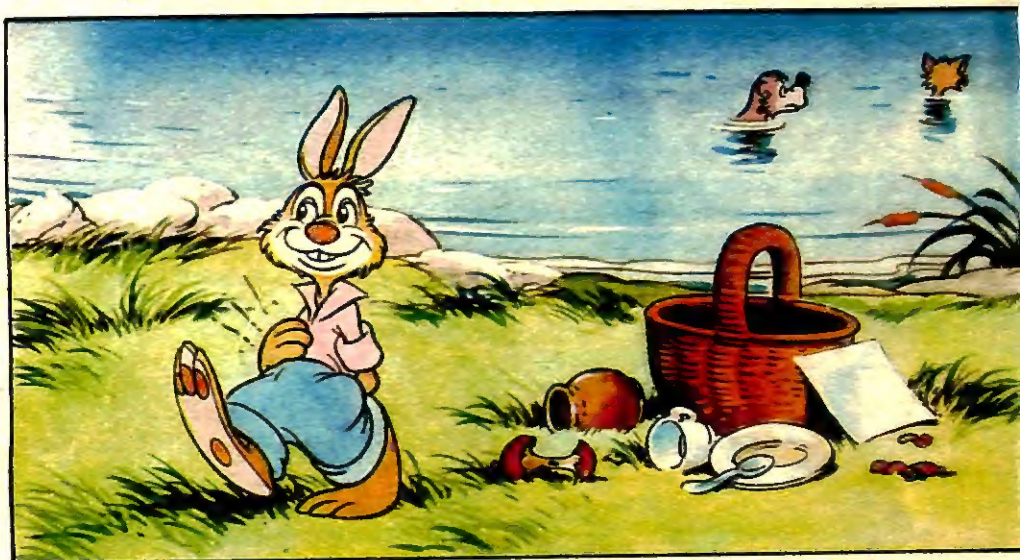
9. But he smiled, he did, an' he said: "You're surely right, gennelmen, big fellers like you should have more to eat than little fellers like me." "I'm glad you agree," grinned Brer Fox nastily. Brer Rabbit gave him one o' his tricky looks. "Why don't we try to catch some fish from the river to make the picnic go further?" says he. Brer Bear knelt down on the river bank and peered into the water. "I don't see any fish," says he.



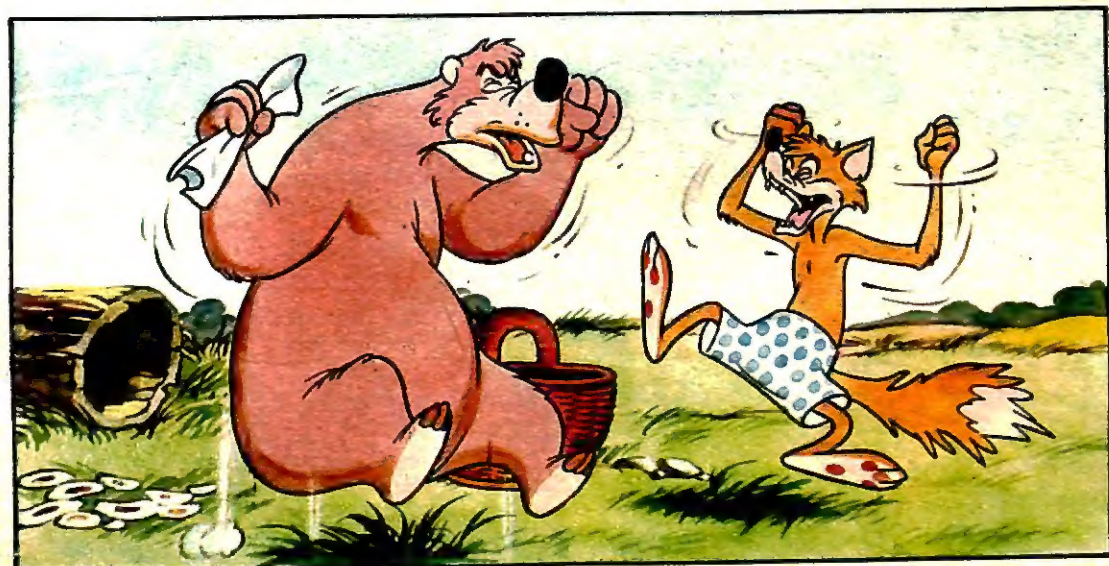
10. "Well, there are plenty there all right," says Brer Rabbit, " 'cos Brer Lion told me so. Brer Lion keeps hisself big an' strong an' brave by eating the fish out o' this here river." Brer Bear thought for a bit. "I'm a good swimmer," he says, "an' I figure I could catch as much fish as Brer Lion." "And so do I," says Brer Fox an' hean' Brer Bear started undressin'. Brer Rabbit, he grins to hisself, he does, an' he ups and says: "You'll surely have to pardon me from joinin' you, gennelmen, 'cos I'm not as clever as you. I can't swim at all. So I reckon I'll just stay here an' get a good fire a-goin' while you're catching the fish. Assoon as you come back, we can put the fish over the fire an' they will be cooked in no time." "That's a mighty fine idea," says Brer Bear.



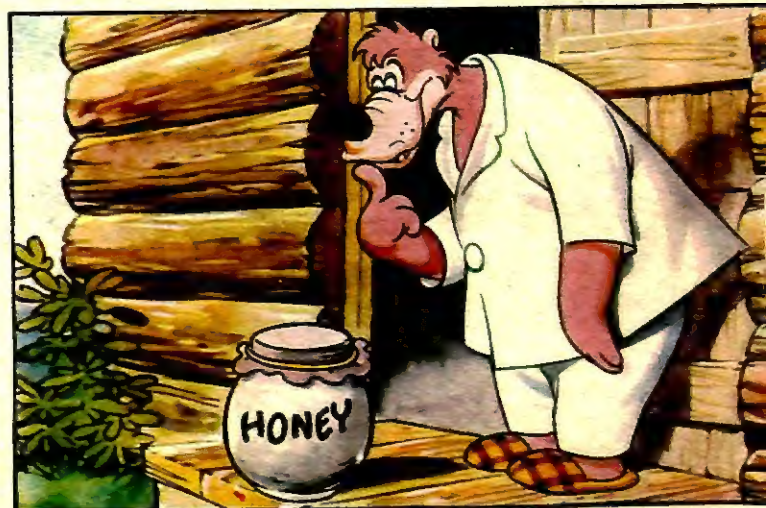
11. Then into the wet water dived Brer Bear an' Brer Fox—down, down into the green depths. They swam here and they swam there, but did they see any fish? No, sirree, they did not. Nary a one! But they kept tryin' an' they kept bobbin' up an' divin' down again 'cos they didn't like the idea that Brer Lion could catch fish every day and they couldn't catch one.



12. An' what was Brer Rabbit doin' all this time? Well, he wasn't stokin' up no fire. Instead, he was stokin' hisself up with all that lovely picnic food. Chomp! Chomp! Chomp! He chomped his way right through all that food an' when it had all vanished inside his fat furry tummy, he wrote a li'l note, he did. He left the note on top o' the empty picnic basket an' he strolled home, feelin' mighty pleased with hisself.



13. All this time, Brer Bear an' Brer Fox were divin' an' swimmin' an' searchin' for fish. But no luck! So at last they gave up, they did, an' climbed out o' the river, real hungry an' lookin' forward to their picnic. But when they saw that their picnic basket was empty, they fairly jumped with rage. An' when they read the note that Brer Rabbit had left them they were even more angry. This is what Brer Rabbit had written: "I came this way to go fishing but I found a picnic instead. So I ate it. Thank you. Brer Lion." "If Brer Lion wasn't so big an' so strong an' so brave, I'd call on him an' give him a piece o' my mind," said Brer Bear. An' all Brer Fox could say was "I guess I would, too!"



14. Those two silly fellers never did guess that Brer Rabbit had eaten the picnic. But Brer Rabbit, when he got to thinkin', thought: "If Brer Bear hadn't been so kind as to take me 'long on that picnic, why, I wouldn't have been able to eat it myself. Poor old Brer Bear!" And that very night, Brer Rabbit sneaked along to Brer Bear's shack, he did, an' he left outside a whoppin' big jar o' honey that he'd been savin' up for the winter. Well now, you can guess how happy old Brer Bear was when he found that jar there next mornin'.

The MAGIC APPLES



1. Prince Roland had been banished by his father the King, who believed Roland was a cheat. But it was Roland's two elder brothers who were the real culprits. One day, a splendid gold coach drove up to the castle, carrying the beautiful Princess whom Roland had seen when he went in search of the Magic Golden Apples.

2. "I wish to speak to the King on a matter of great importance," the Princess told the castle guards. "It concerns one of his sons who came to the Castle of the Black Lake." When they heard this, the guards on duty swung open the barrier, and the Princess's coach drove over the bridge and into the castle.



3. The King received her gladly and asked what he could do for her. "Your Majesty," she said, "I have a gold watch and also a handkerchief which one of your sons left behind in the castle. May I see him?" "Madam, TWO of my sons brought back the magic Golden Apples," smiled the King. "And here they are—Adrian and John."



4. The Princess looked at Adrian, the eldest. "Tell me," she asked, "have you been to the Castle of the Black Lake?" "Yes," lied Adrian. The Princess dropped Roland's handkerchief to the floor, for she wanted to test if he was telling the truth. "Prove it then," she said. "Let me see you walk over that handkerchief, good Prince."



5. Without a second thought, Adrian stepped on to the handkerchief. As soon as his feet touched it, they slipped from under him and he fell flat on his back. He stood up and tried again, but the same thing happened and Adrian's head was spinning as he clambered to his feet. The Princess shook her head. "You were not in the castle," she said.



6. Then the other brother, Prince John, tried to walk on the handkerchief, but he also toppled over and could not keep his balance. Try as he would, John failed to even stand on the handkerchief. "Have you another son?" the Princess asked the King. "Yes, but I have sent him away into the forest," answered the King, who suddenly felt ashamed.



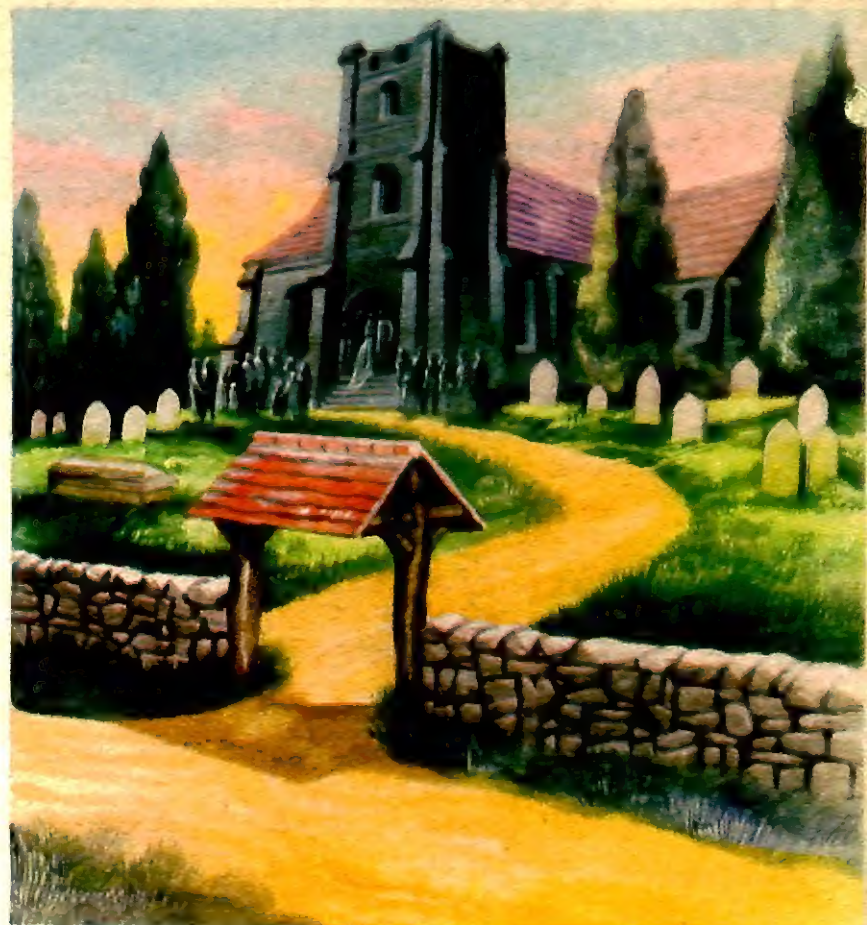
7. He agreed to send for Roland at once, and two of the Royal guards set out through the forest to find the gipsy camp where the young prince had been living for several weeks. He was overjoyed to know that his father had called him back to the Palace. "Goodbye, my friends," he called, as he joined the guards to return to the Palace.



8. At the Palace the Princess asked if Roland had visited the Castle of the Black Lake. "Yes," he said, smiling at her, for he recognised her immediately. "Then walk over the handkerchief," said the Princess. Roland stepped on to the handkerchief and walked over it two or three times. He even danced on it. Nothing untoward happened to him.



9. Then the Princess knew that Prince Roland was the man who had braved the dangers of the castle to find the magic Golden Apples. As further proof, Roland offered her the gold watch he had taken from her room while she was asleep. They scarcely noticed when the King sent away the other two Princes because of their cheating.



10. "Brave Roland," smiled the Princess, "you broke the spell on the Castle of the Lake where I was held prisoner. What can I do to repay you?" "You can marry me," suggested Prince Roland. The Princess did not hesitate to agree, and next day by order of the King the wedding took place. There was never a happier time in that kingdom.



11. But the joyful Prince and Princess did not forget the kind gipsies who had looked after Roland so well, during his stay in the forest. Whenever they went riding together they made a point of visiting the gipsy encampment to see their friends, and spent many a gay afternoon around the camp fire in the middle of the forest.

12. Because of the magic Golden Apples, the King was cured of his illness, and reigned over the kingdom for a long time. At last the day came when he had to hand over the throne to his youngest son, who became King Roland and ruled very wisely with the loving help of the beautiful Princess of the Castle of the Black Lake.



The House at Pooh Corner

BY A. A. MILNE

In which Eeyore finds the Wolery
and Owl moves into it

POOH had wandered into the Hundred Acre Wood, and was standing in front of what had once been Owl's House. It didn't look at all like a house now; it looked like a tree which had been blown down; and as soon as a house looks like that, it is time you tried to find another one. Pooh had had a Mysterious Missage underneath his front door that morning, saying, "I AM SCERCHING FOR A NEW HOUSE FOR OWL SO HAD YOU RABBIT," and while he was wondering what it meant Rabbit had come in and read it for him.

"I'm leaving one for all the others," said Rabbit, "and telling them what it means, and they'll all search too. I'm in a hurry, goodbye." And he had run off.

Pooh followed slowly. He had something better to do than to find a new house for Owl; he had to make up a Pooh song about the old one. Because he had promised Piglet days and days ago that he would, and whenever he and Piglet had met since, Piglet didn't actually

say anything, but you knew at once why he didn't; and if anybody mentioned Hums or Trees or String or Storms-in-the-Night, Piglet's nose went all pink at the tip, and he talked about something quite different in a hurried sort of way.

"But it isn't Easy," said Pooh to himself, as he looked at what had once been Owl's House. "Because Poetry and Hums aren't things which you get, they're things which get *you*. And all you can do is to go where they can find you."

He waited hopefully . . .

"Well," said Pooh after a long wait, "I shall begin '*Here lies a tree*' because it does, and then I'll see what happens."

This is what happened:

Here lies a tree which Owl (a bird)
Was fond of when it stood on end,
And Owl was talking to a friend
Called Me (in case you hadn't heard)
When something Oo occurred.

For lo! the wind was blusterous
And flattened out his favourite tree;
And things looked bad for him and we—
Looked bad, I mean, for he and us—
I've never known them wuss.

Then Piglet (PIGLET) thought a thing:
"Courage!" he said. "There's always hope.
I want a thinnish piece of rope.
Or, if there isn't any, bring
A thickish piece of string."

So to the letter-box he rose,
While Pooh and Owl said: "Oh!" and "Hum!"
And where the letters always come
(Called "LETTERS ONLY") Piglet sqoze
His head and then his toes.

O gallant Piglet (PIGLET)! Ho!
Did Piglet tremble? Did he blinch?
No, no, he struggled inch by inch
Through LETTERS ONLY, as I know
Because I saw him go.

He ran and ran, and then he stood
And shouted, "Help for Owl, a bird,
And Pooh, a bear!" until he heard
The others coming through the wood
As quickly as they could.

"Help-help and Rescue!" Piglet cried,
And showed the others where to go.
(Sing ho! for Piglet (PIGLET) ho!)
And soon the door was opened wide,
And we were both outside!

Sing ho! for Piglet, ho!
Ho!

So there it is," said Pooh, when he had sung this to himself three times. "It's come different from what I thought it would, but it's come. Now I must go and sing it to Piglet."

I AM SCERCHING FOR A NEW HOUSE
FOR OWL SO HAD YOU RABBIT.

"What's all this?" said Eeyore.

Rabbit explained.

"What's the matter with his old house?"

Rabbit explained.

"Nobody tells me," said Eeyore. "Nobody keeps me informed. I make it seventeen days come Friday since anybody spoke to me."

"It certainly isn't seventeen days—"

"Come Friday," explained Eeyore.

"And today's Saturday," said Rabbit. "So that would make it eleven days. And I was here myself a week ago."

"Not conversing," said Eeyore. "Not first one and then the other. You said 'Hallo' and Flashed Past. I saw your tail a hundred yards up the hill as I was meditating my reply. I *had* thought of saying 'What?'—but, of course, it was then too late."

"Well, I was in a hurry."

"No Give and Take," Eeyore went on. "No Exchange of Thought. '*Hallo—What*'—I mean, it gets you nowhere, particularly if the other person's tail is only just in sight for the second half of the conversation."

"It's your fault, Eeyore. You've never been to see any of us. You just stay here in this one corner of the Forest waiting for the others to come to *you*. Why don't you go to *them* sometimes?"

Eeyore was silent for a little while, thinking.

"There may be something in what you say, Rabbit," he said at last. "I have been neglecting you. I must move about more."

"That's right, Eeyore. Drop in on any of us at any time, when you feel like it."

"Thank you, Rabbit. And if anybody says in a Loud Voice 'Bother, it's Eeyore', I can drop out again."



Rabbit stood on one leg for a moment.
 "Well," he said, "I must be going. I am rather busy this morning."
 "Good-bye," said Eeyore.
 "What? Oh, good-bye. And if you happen to come across a good house for Owl, you must let us know."
 "I will give my mind to it," said Eeyore.
 Rabbit went.

* * *

Pooh had found Piglet, and they were walking back to the Hundred Acre Wood together.
 "Piglet," said Pooh a little shyly, after they had walked for some time without saying anything.
 "Yes, Pooh?"
 "Do you remember when I said that a Respectful Pooh Song might be written about You Know What?"
 "Did you, Pooh?" said Piglet, getting a little pink round the nose. "Oh, yes, I believe you did."
 "It's been written, Piglet."
 The pink went slowly up Piglet's nose to his ears, and settled there.

"Has it, Pooh?" he asked huskily. "About—about—That Time When?—Do you mean really written?"
 "Yes, Piglet."
 The tips of Piglet's ears glowed suddenly, and he tried to say something; but even after he had husked once or twice, nothing came out. So Pooh went on:
 "There are seven verses in it."
 "Seven?" said Piglet as carelessly as he could. "You don't often get *seven* verses in a Hum, do you, Pooh?"
 "Never," said Pooh. "I don't suppose it's *ever* been heard of before."
 "Do the Others know yet?" asked Piglet, stopping for a moment to pick up a stick and throw it away.
 "No," said Pooh. "And I wondered which you would like best: for me to hum it now, or to wait till we find the others, and then hum it to all of you?"
 Piglet thought for a little.
 "I think what I'd like best, Pooh, is I'd like you to hum it to me *now*—and—*and then* to hum it to all of us. Because then Everybody would hear it, but I could say 'Oh, yes, Pooh's

told me,' and pretend not to be listening."
 So Pooh hummed it to him, all the seven verses, and Piglet said nothing, but just stood and glowed.
 For never before had anyone sung *ho* for Piglet (PIGLET) *ho* all by himself. When it was over, he wanted to ask for one of the verses over again, but didn't quite like to. It was the verse beginning "O gallant Piglet," and it seemed to him a very thoughtful way of beginning a piece of poetry.
 "Did I really do all that?" he said at last.
 "Well," said Pooh, "in poetry—in a piece of poetry—well, you *did* it, Piglet, because the poetry says you did. And that's how people know."
 "Oh!" said Piglet. "Because I—I thought I did blinch a little. Just at first. And it says, 'Did he blinch no no.' That's why."
 "You only blinched inside," said Pooh, "and that's the bravest way for a Very Small Animal not to blinch that there is."
 Piglet sighed with happiness, and began to think about himself. He was BRAVE. . . .
 When they got to Owl's old house, they found everybody else there except Eeyore. Christopher



Robin was telling them what to do, and Rabbit was telling them again directly afterwards, in case they hadn't heard, and then they were all doing it. They had got a rope and were pulling Owl's chairs and pictures and things out of his old house so as to be ready to put them into his new one. Kanga was down below tying the things on, and calling out to Owl, "You won't want this dirty old dish-cloth any more, will you, and what about this carpet, it's all in holes," and Owl was calling back indignantly, "Of course I do! It's just a question of arranging the furniture properly, and it isn't a dish-cloth, it's my shawl." Every now and then Roo fell in and came back on the rope with the next article, which flustered Kanga a little because she never knew where to look for him. So she got cross with Owl and said that his house was a Disgrace, all damp and dirty, and it was quite

time it did tumble down. Look at that horrid bunch of toadstools growing out of the corner there? So Owl looked down, a little surprised because he didn't know about this, and then gave a short sarcastic laugh, and explained that this was his sponge, and that if people didn't know a perfectly ordinary bath-sponge when they saw it, things were coming to a pretty pass. "Well!" said Kanga, and Roo fell in quickly, crying, "I *must* see Owl's sponge! Oh, there it is! Oh, Owl! Owl, it isn't a sponge, it's a spudgie! Do you know what a spudgie is, Owl? It's when your sponge gets all—" and Kanga said, "Roo, dear!" very quickly, because that's *not* the way to talk to anybody who can spell TUESDAY.

But they were all quite happy when Pooh and Piglet came along, and they stopped working in order to have a little rest and listen to Pooh's new song. So then they all told Pooh how good it was, and Piglet said carelessly, "It is good, isn't it? I mean as a song."

"And what about the new house?" asked Pooh. "Have you found it, Owl?"

"He's found a name for it," said Christopher Robin, lazily nibbling at a piece of grass, "so now all he wants is the house."

"I am calling it this," said Owl importantly, and he showed them what he had been making. It was a square piece of board with the name of the house painted on it:

THE WOLERY

It was at this exciting moment that something came through the trees, and bumped into Owl. The board fell to the ground, and Piglet and Roo bent over it eagerly.

"Oh, it's you," said Owl crossly.

"Hallo, Eeyore," said Rabbit. "There you are! Where have you been?"

Eeyore took no notice of them.

"Good morning, Christopher Robin," he said, brushing away Roo and Piglet, and sitting down on THE WOLERY. "Are we alone?"

"Yes," said Christopher Robin, smiling to himself.

"I have been told—the news has worked through to my corner of the Forest—the damp bit down on the right which nobody wants—that a certain Person is looking for a house. I have found one for him."

"Ah, well done," said Rabbit kindly.

Eeyore looked round slowly at him, and then turned back to Christopher Robin.

"We have been joined by something," he said in a loud whisper. "But no matter. We can leave it behind. If you will come with me,



Christopher Robin, I will show you the house."

Christopher Robin jumped up.

"Come on, Pooh," he said.

"Come on, Tigger!" cried Roo.

"Shall we go, Owl?" said Rabbit.

"Wait a moment," said Owl, picking up his notice-board, which had just come into sight again.

Eeyore waved them back.

"Christopher Robin and I are going for a Short Walk," he said, "not a Jostle. If he likes to bring Pooh and Piglet with him, I shall be glad of their company, but one must be able to Breathe."

"That's all right," said Rabbit, rather glad to be left in charge of something. "We'll go on getting the things out. Now then, Tigger, where's that rope? What's the matter, Owl?"

Owl, who had just discovered that his new address was THE SMEAR, coughed at Eeyore sternly, but said nothing, and Eeyore, with most of THE WOLERY behind him, marched off with his friends.

So, in a little while, they came to the house which Eeyore had found, and just before they came to it, Piglet was nudging Pooh, and Pooh was nudging Piglet, and they were saying, "It is!" and "It can't be!" and "It is, *really!*" to each other.

And when they got there, it really was.

"There!" said Eeyore proudly, stopping them outside Piglet's house. "And the name on it, and everything!"

"Oh!" cried Christopher Robin, wondering whether to laugh or what.

"Just the house for Owl. Don't you think so, little Piglet?"

And then Piglet did a Noble Thing, and he did it in a sort of dream, while he was thinking of all the wonderful words Pooh had hummed about him.

"Yes, it's just the house for Owl," he said grandly. "And I hope he'll be very happy in it." And then he gulped twice, because he had been very happy in it himself.

"What do you think, Christopher Robin?" asked Eeyore a little anxiously, feeling that something wasn't quite right.

Christopher Robin had a question to ask first, and he was wondering how to ask it.

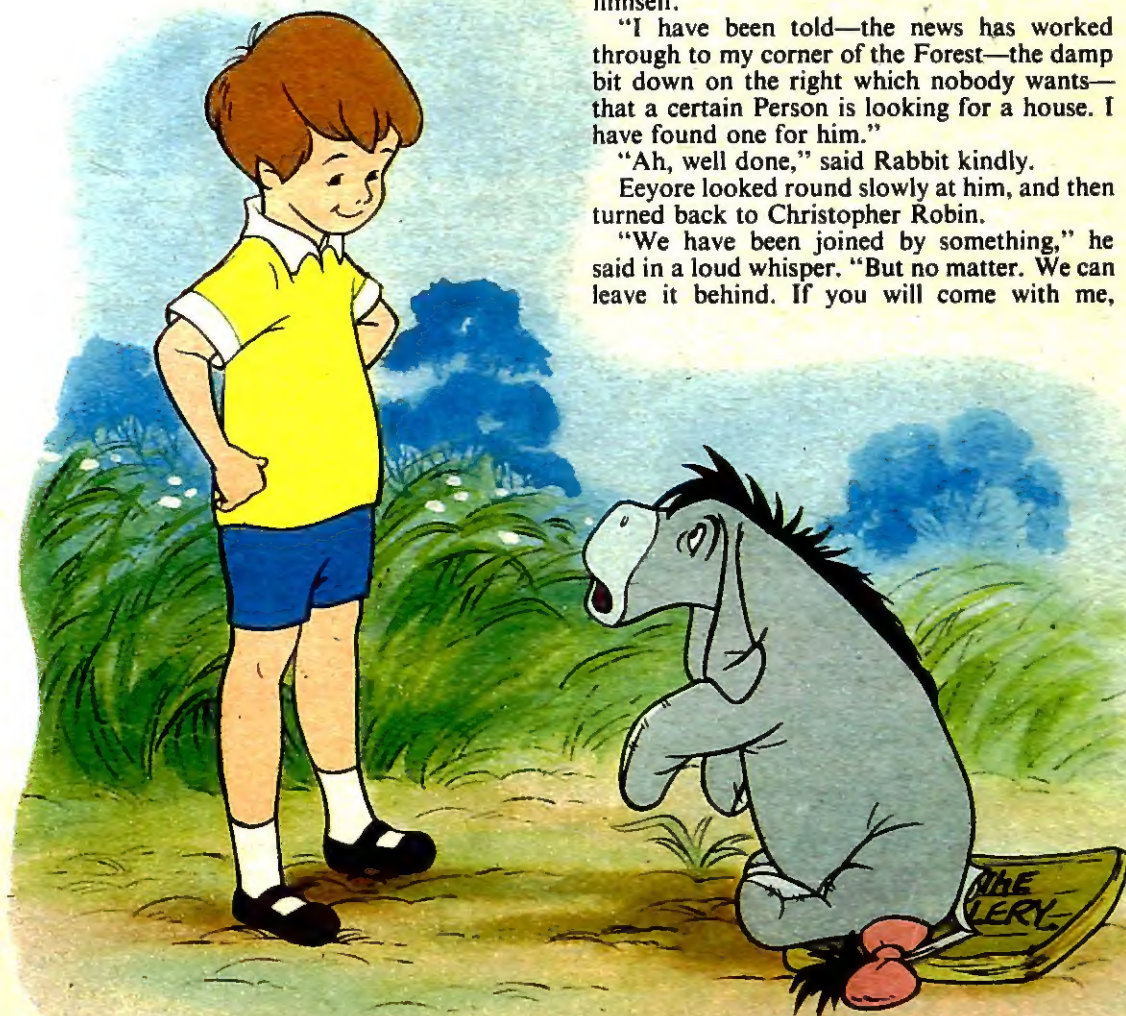
"Well," he said at last, "it's a very nice house, and if your own house is blown down, you *must* go somewhere else, mustn't you, Piglet? What would you do, if your house was blown down?"

Before Piglet could think, Pooh answered for him.

"He'd come and live with me," said Pooh, "wouldn't you, Piglet?"

Piglet squeezed his paw.

"Thank you, Pooh," he said, "I should love to."



NEW TALES from the JUNGLE BOOK

From the Walt Disney Motion Picture, "The Jungle Book" based on the story by Rudyard Kipling.



1. It was a hot, dry day in the jungle, and little Mowgli was resting with his big friend, Baloo, the lovable bear. Baloo was snoozing gently. Suddenly, Mowgli noticed a small puff of dust twisting and twirling by.



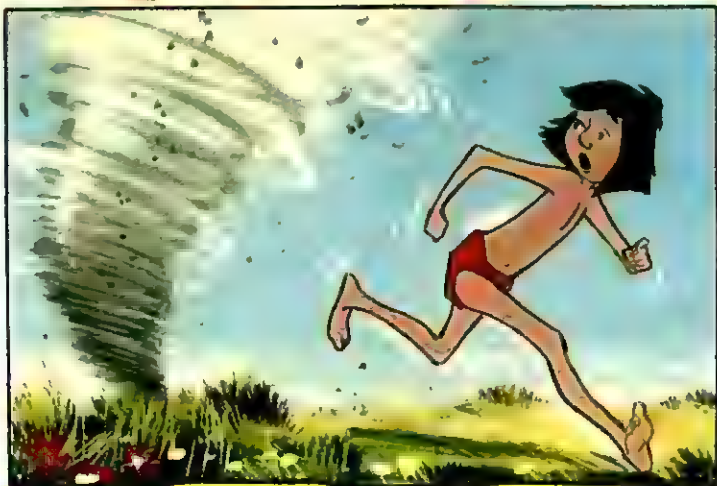
2. "It's a little dust devil," Mowgli cried, and being rather tired of listening to Baloo's snores, he got up and started to follow the spinning dust cloud. And as it swirled along, it gathered up leaves and twigs and grew bigger.



3. Out of the jungle and into the open swirled the dust devil, and all the time it grew and it grew until it became a spinning, mighty whirlwind. Mowgli began to get

rather worried. The huffing and puffing noise it had made at first, had become a growing roar, and the whirlwind was reaching up fiercely to the sky.

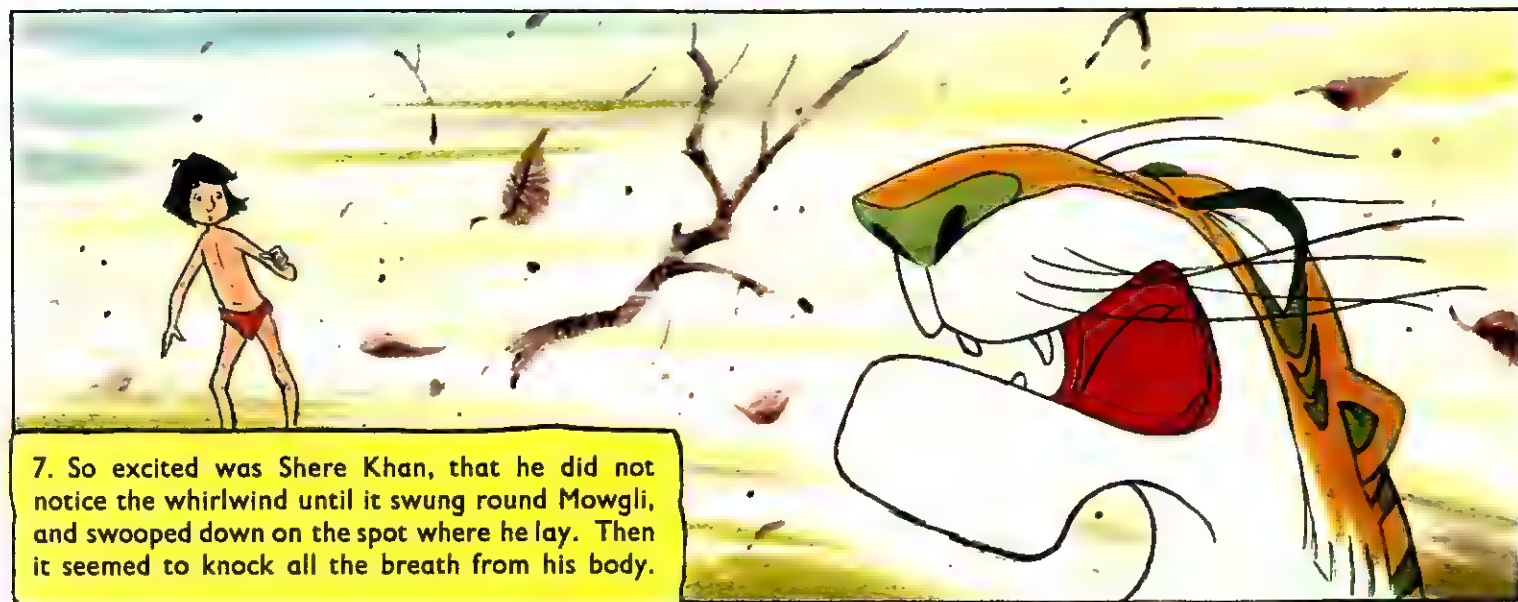
4. Mowgli had come out beyond the edge of the jungle now, and as he watched the whirlwind, it stopped racing forward and began to waver backwards and forwards on the patch of open ground. "I wonder if it doesn't like me following it," thought Mowgli anxiously. "I think it's time I went back and roused old Baloo."



5. Suddenly, the whirlwind seemed determined to show Mowgli that it *didn't* like being followed. It turned and began spinning in Mowgli's direction.



6. Meanwhile, just inside the shade of the jungle, Mowgli's old enemy, Shere Khan, the tiger was thinking that it must be dinner-time. He had long wanted to taste man-cub, and now here was Mowgli running towards him.



7. So excited was Shere Khan, that he did not notice the whirlwind until it swung round Mowgli, and swooped down on the spot where he lay. Then it seemed to knock all the breath from his body.



8. As it roared back into the jungle, the whirlwind also gave the trees a big shaking. Down came lots of coconuts, BONK—THUMP on Shere Khan's head.



9. In fact Shere Khan didn't feel hungry any more, and he bounded off to find a quiet spot to nurse his sore head. But Mowgli happily gathered up armsful of nuts and bananas.



10. Chuckling over his adventure, he carried them back to where Bagheera the panther had joined big Baloo. What a feast the three friends had!



The Adventures of **PRINCE JASON**



1. The Princess Mayblossom had saved Prince Jason from the evil power of the wicked wizard who had as a result been forced to agree to their marriage. But their dangers were still far from over, for the wizard swore to have his revenge. As they left the little church where they had been married, the wizard watched them with gleaming eyes.



2. Then they went back to the wizard's strange home, the upturned galleon. As they made their way across the sands, the princess spoke to Jason. "When we sit down to eat," she whispered, "you may eat what you please. But you must not drink anything whatsoever, for if you do

that, you will forget me." In the wizard's dining room a splendid wedding breakfast had been prepared. In the middle of the meal, the wizard got to his feet and raised a glass of wine. "A health to us all," said he, smiling craftily. Forgetting the princess's warning, Jason raised his glass.



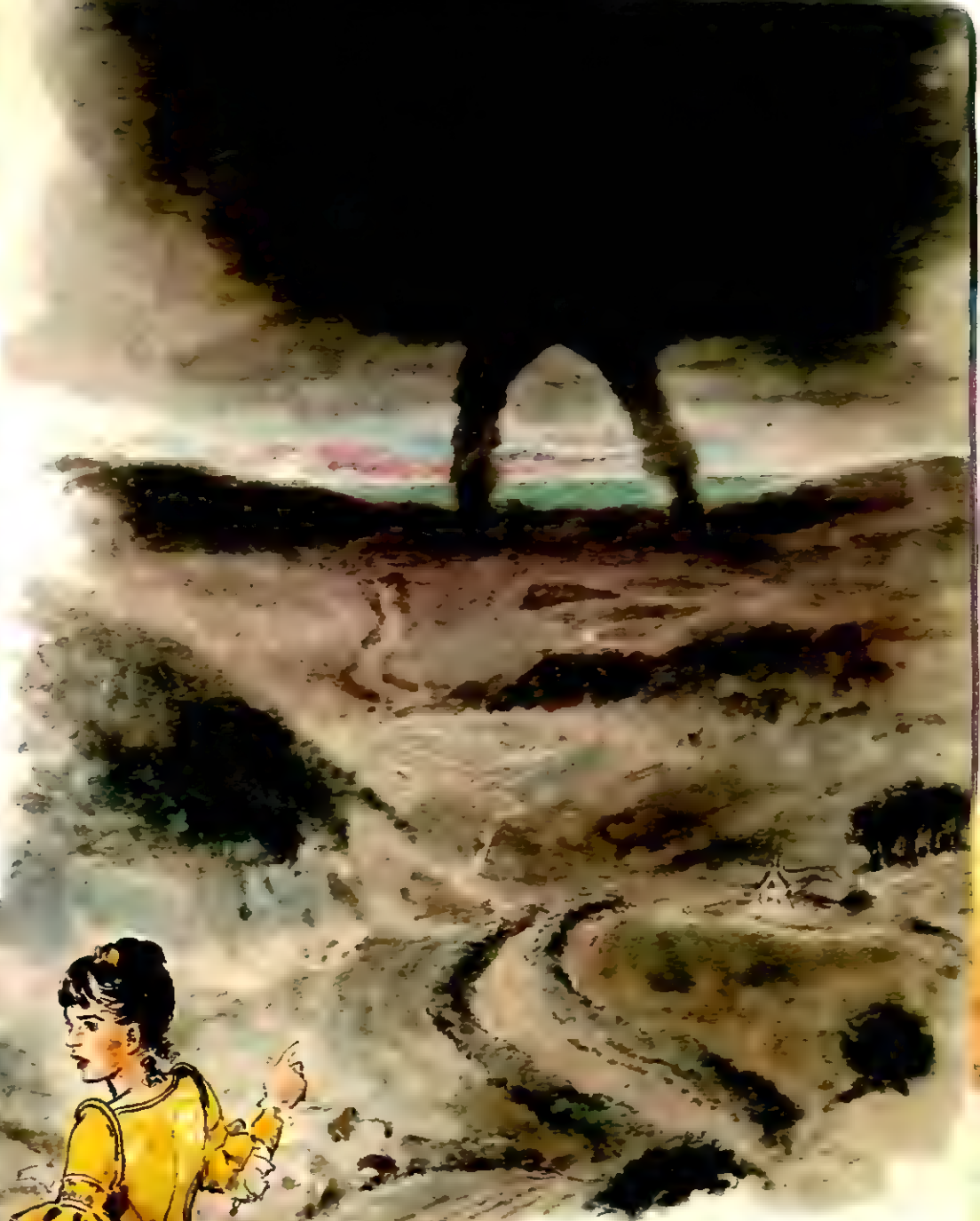
3. But the Princess was keeping close watch and as Jason raised the wine-glass to his lips, she jogged his arm as though by accident. The wine shot out of the glass and ran over the tablecloth. At once the wizard screamed with rage.



4. He flung his glass down on the table where it shattered into a thousand pieces. As it did so, all the plates and dishes set out for the wedding feast leapt into the air. Under the spell of the wizard, they flew about the ears of the prince and princess. Alarmed in case his bride should be hurt, he threw out an arm to protect her.



5. When all was quiet again and the wizard could speak without shrieking, he led the Prince and Princess to the bridal chamber. As soon as they were alone Mayblossom said: "Now the wizard has kept his promise regarding our marriage but he will work more of his evil, so we must fly immediately. Take that plant and that jug of water and follow me through the window."



6. No sooner said than done. They hurried off out into the dark night, the Princess leading, because she knew the way, having spied it out while she flew about as a dove. All through the night they fled. When the first sunbeams lightened the sky Mayblossom said to Jason, "Look round! Do you see anything behind us?" Yes, I see a dark cloud far away," he replied. "Then throw the potted plant back over your head," she told him.



7. The Prince threw the plant and at once a large thick forest sprang up behind them. When the wizard came to this forest he could not get through in spite of all his efforts to force a way. So he had to return home for an axe with which he could cut a path.



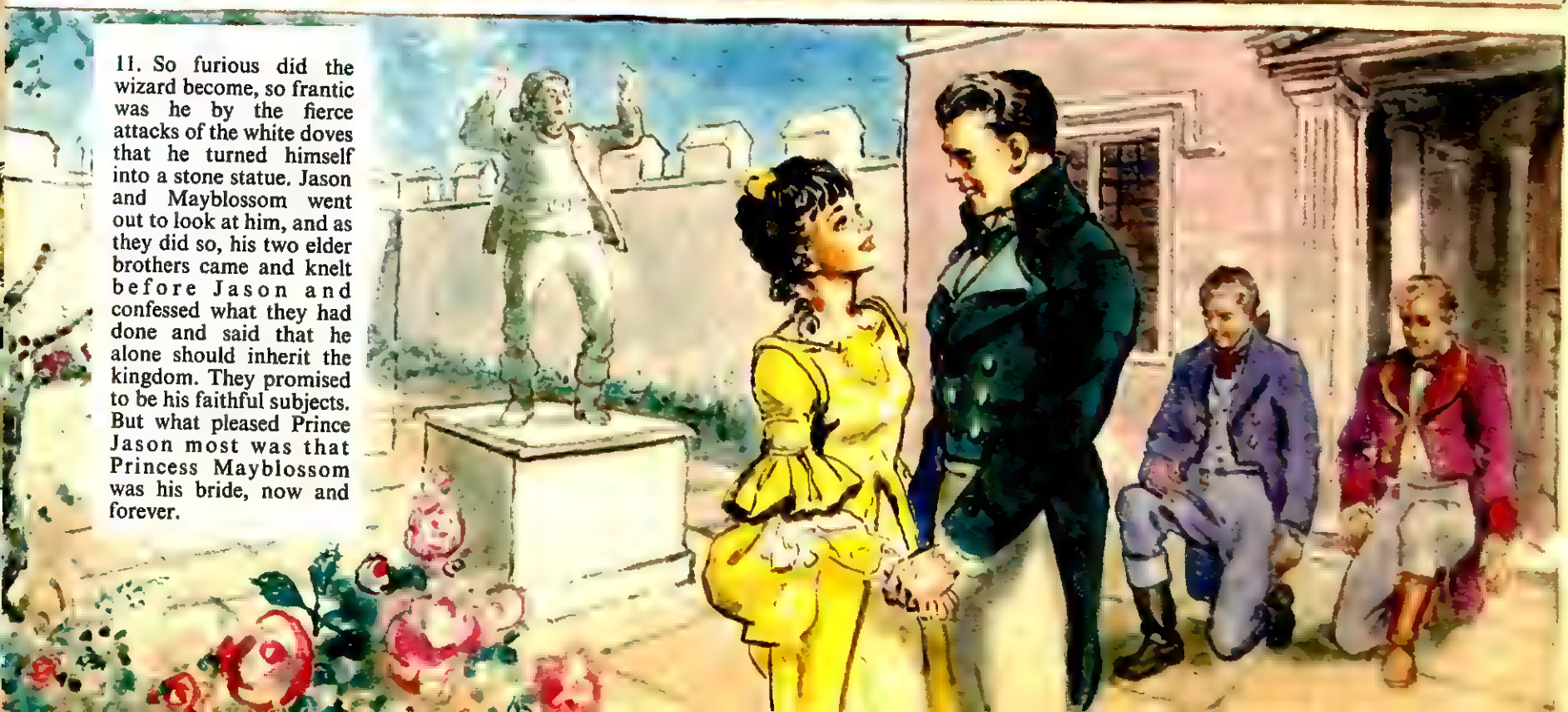
8. A little later Princess Mayblossom said again to Prince Jason: "Look around! Do you see anything behind us?" "Yes," answered the Prince, "the big black cloud is there again." "Then throw the jug of water over your head," said she. As soon as he had done this, a huge lake formed behind them.



9. And the wizard found that he could not cross the lake. He raced home and brought back a barrel and paddled himself across.



10. Meanwhile Mayblossom and Jason were making swiftly for the castle that was the Prince's home. They climbed over the garden wall, ran across the garden and crept in at an open window. By this time the wizard was close on their heels but the Princess stood in the window and blew upon the wizard. Hundreds of white doves flew out of her mouth and fluttered and flapped around the wizard's head until he fell into the most furious rage.



11. So furious did the wizard become, so frantic was he by the fierce attacks of the white doves that he turned himself into a stone statue. Jason and Mayblossom went out to look at him, and as they did so, his two elder brothers came and knelt before Jason and confessed what they had done and said that he alone should inherit the kingdom. They promised to be his faithful subjects. But what pleased Prince Jason most was that Princess Mayblossom was his bride, now and forever.



UNCLE SCROOGE McDUCK

One day the three little ducks, Huey, Dewey and Louie went to visit Uncle Scrooge McDuck.

Have you ever heard of Uncle Scrooge McDuck before?

He is the richest and the meanest duck in all the world.

When the ducks arrived, they found Uncle Scrooge having his morning swim.

Not in water, as you might think, but in gold coins!

Uncle Scrooge's cellar was full of money and every morning for a treat, he spent ten minutes just diving in and out of it, because he loved it so much, he wanted to feel it all over him.

"Hello there boys, hello," smiled Uncle Scrooge, climbing out of the money. "My! I feel refreshed after mixing in with all that lovely gold."

And he locked and bolted the cellar to keep his precious money safe from thieves.

"Well, how about some home movies, boys?" smiled Uncle Scrooge.

"Yes, please," chorused the boys,

thinking they would see films of when they were babies.

But Uncle Scrooge just put on film after film of money, money, money and then still more money.

"Lovely!" he smiled, looking at the pictures of the gold coins. "I never get tired of looking at money."

"Well we do, Uncle Scrooge," yawned the boys. "How about lunch?"

"Lunch! LUNCH?" Uncle Scrooge looked at the boys in amazement, "Do you mean to say you haven't brought sandwiches with you?"

You see, he was so mean he hadn't got any lunch ready for the boys.

"No, we haven't brought sandwiches," snapped Huey.

"If you invited us round for the day, you should feed us," added Dewey.

"Yes, with all that gold about, you can certainly afford lunch for three little ducks," finished Louie.

Uncle Scrooge wasn't at all pleased.

"Oh very well then," he grumbled.

And going to the pantry, he fetched out a small tin of baked beans, three plates and three spoons.

Then he put a plate and spoon in front of each of the boys.

Then he put *one bean* on each of the boys' plates.

"Eat up," he said. "Don't waste good food!"

"Waste it! I can hardly see it!" gasped Huey, looking at the tiny bean in the middle of his plate.

"Well it's all I can afford to give you," grumbled Uncle Scrooge.

He had forgotten for the moment that the boys had just had a peep into his cellar.

Huey, Dewey and Louie got up.

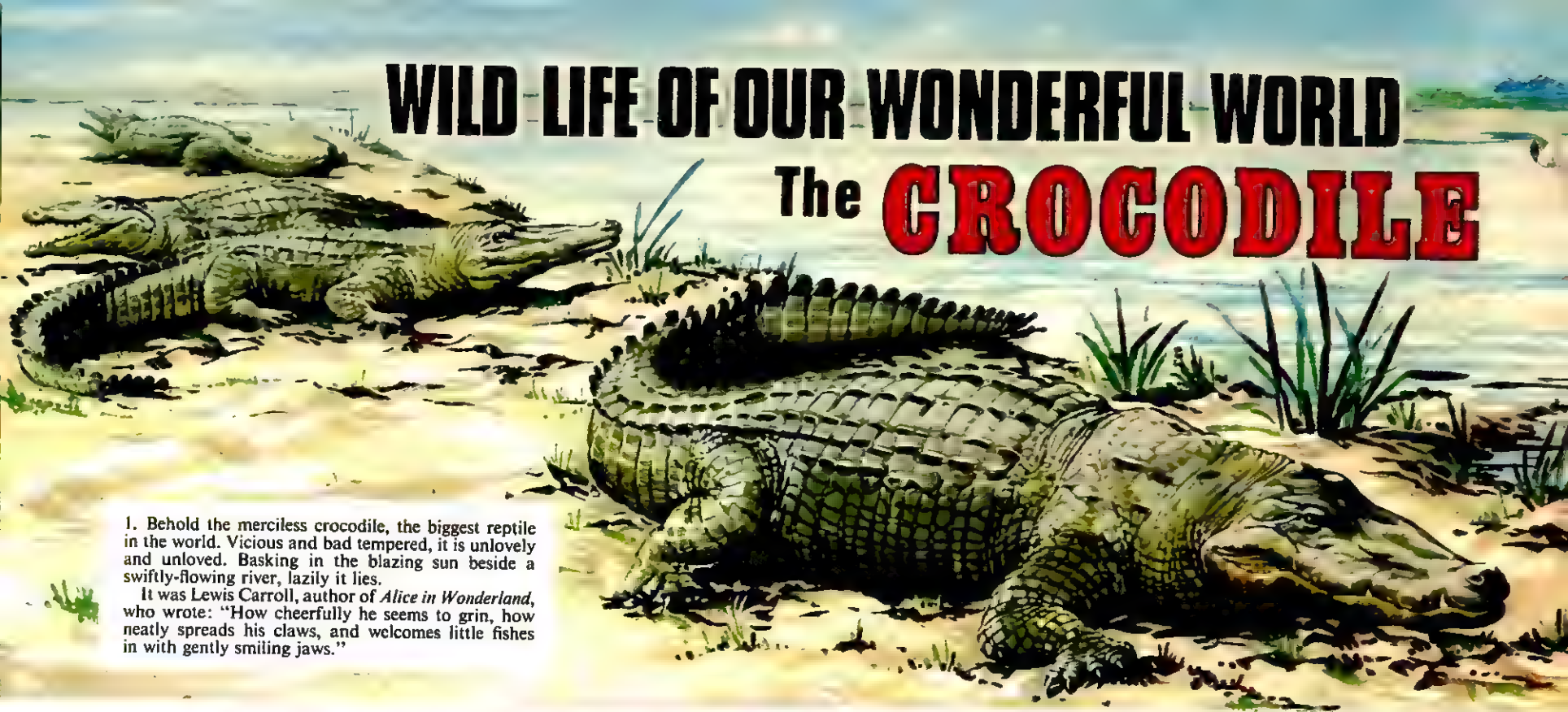
"We're going home to Uncle Donald," they said. "He may shout at us sometimes, but he has never sunk so low as to give us one baked bean each for lunch."

Uncle Scrooge was furious.

Have you ever heard of anyone as mean as Uncle Scrooge?

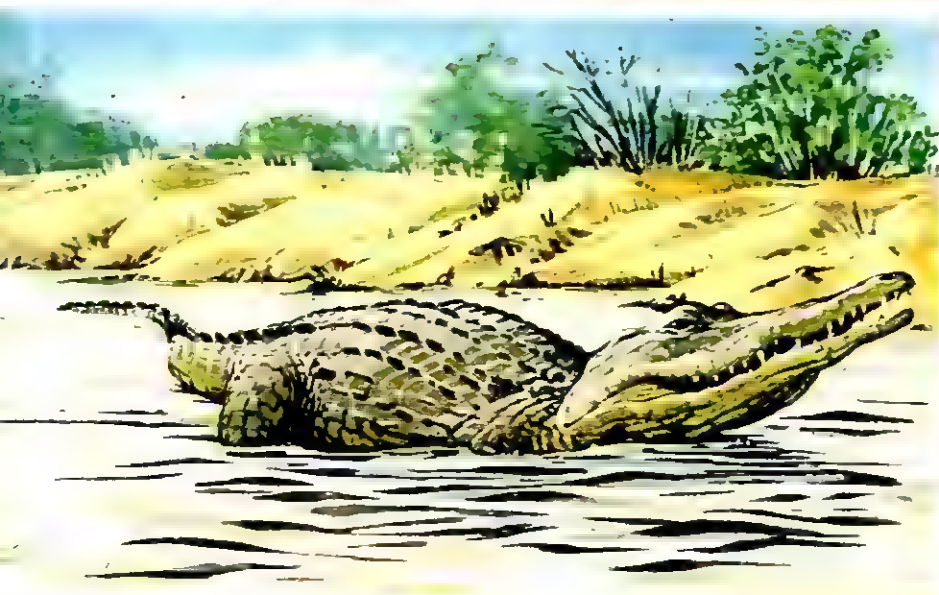
WILD LIFE OF OUR WONDERFUL WORLD

The **CROCODILE**



1. Behold the merciless crocodile, the biggest reptile in the world. Vicious and bad tempered, it is unlovely and unloved. Basking in the blazing sun beside a swiftly-flowing river, lazily it lies.

It was Lewis Carroll, author of *Alice in Wonderland*, who wrote: "How cheerfully he seems to grin, how neatly spreads his claws, and welcomes little fishes in with gently smiling jaws."

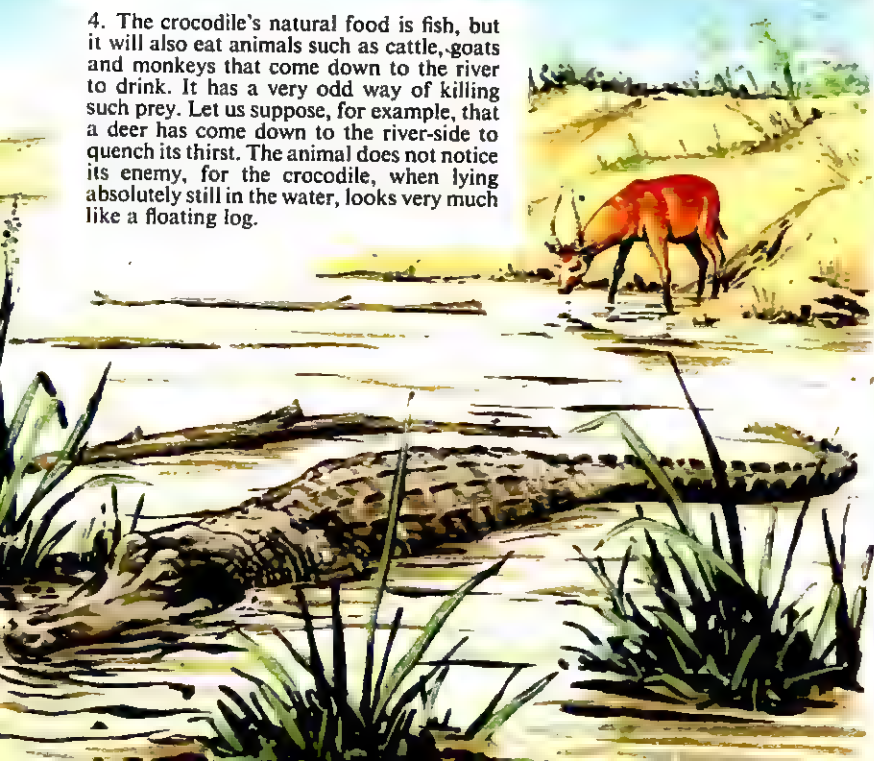


2. Upon dry land the crocodile is not at all at its ease, and is slow and clumsy in its movements. Its neck is formed in such a manner that it cannot turn its head to either side and its short feeble legs can only drag its long heavy body along at a very slow pace. But this huge beast does not often come ashore. It much prefers to enjoy the warm sunshine on its back while it floats quietly upon the surface of the water.



3. Although the crocodile is a swift and powerful swimmer, its feet are not nearly large and broad enough to serve as paddles, like those of the duck or the swan. Even if they were so, its short and feeble legs would not be strong enough to drive the great beast swiftly through the water. In fact, the crocodile does not use its feet at all while swimming. It simply thrashes its powerful tail from side to side, which gives it the thrust it needs to dart forward and seize its prey.

4. The crocodile's natural food is fish, but it will also eat animals such as cattle, goats and monkeys that come down to the river to drink. It has a very odd way of killing such prey. Let us suppose, for example, that a deer has come down to the river-side to quench its thirst. The animal does not notice its enemy, for the crocodile, when lying absolutely still in the water, looks very much like a floating log.



5. But the mighty reptile, sluggish as it seems, is very wide-awake. As soon as it sees the deer, it dives silently under water and swims cautiously towards the unsuspecting animal. Stealthily the crocodile approaches—then suddenly, with a sweep of its mighty tail, it smashes the deer into the water.

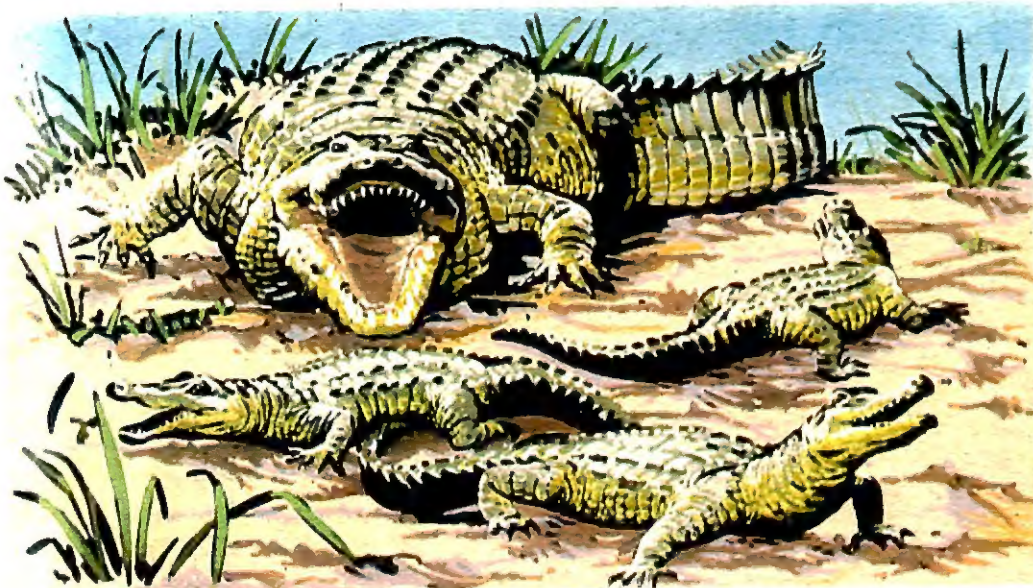




6. The gaping jaws snap shut and the crocodile seizes the deer in its cruel, sharply-pointed teeth. Then the huge reptile holds the deer under water until it is drowned. The crocodile's jaws are so powerful that once it has seized its prey, it is unlikely to struggle free and escape.



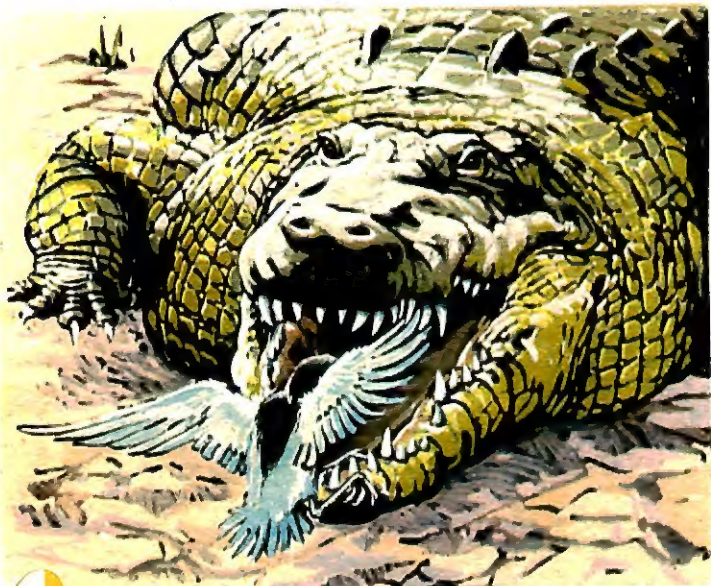
7. Like nearly all reptiles, the crocodile lays eggs which it buries in the sand and leaves to be hatched by the heat of the sun. These eggs are about as large as a turkey's and are of a dirty-white colour. One crocodile lays from twenty to ninety eggs. A little animal called the mongoose is very fond of these eggs, and digs up and eats so many that it helps to keep down the numbers of crocodiles that are born every year.



8. Somebody else may well help to keep down the numbers, too, and that somebody is none other than the mother crocodile who, if she hasn't already abandoned her young, will possibly make a feast of them. You begin to understand now why they are known as "the reptiles nobody loves".

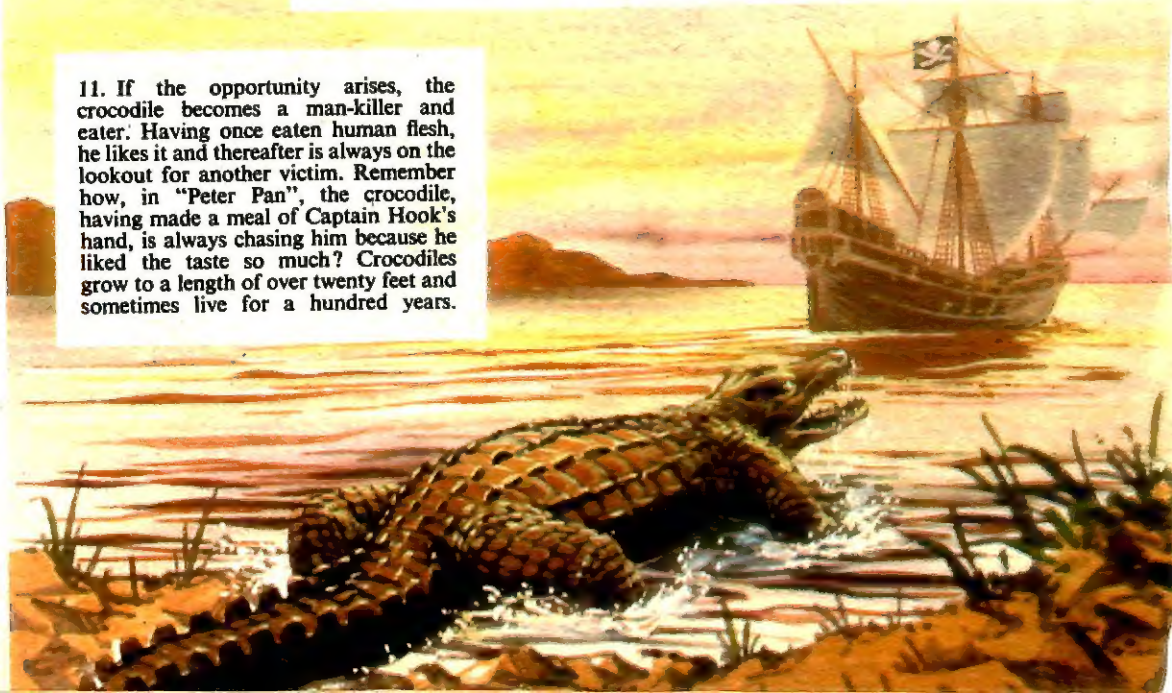


9. The crocodile has one—and only one—friend which is almost as unpleasant as itself. This is the African black-backed courser, known as the crocodile bird. The giant reptile lies for long periods in the sun with its mouth half-open. Parts of its body, including its mouth, are infested with black worms called leeches. Crocodile birds are fond of these leeches and pick them up from the reptile's body. A bird will even climb into a crocodile's mouth and gobble up the leeches and any other morsels of food stuck between those terrifying teeth.



10. But even this bold bird does not trust his friend the crocodile too far. As soon as he has finished his meal, he flies out—backwards!

11. If the opportunity arises, the crocodile becomes a man-killer and eater. Having once eaten human flesh, he likes it and thereafter is always on the lookout for another victim. Remember how, in "Peter Pan", the crocodile, having made a meal of Captain Hook's hand, is always chasing him because he liked the taste so much? Crocodiles grow to a length of over twenty feet and sometimes live for a hundred years.

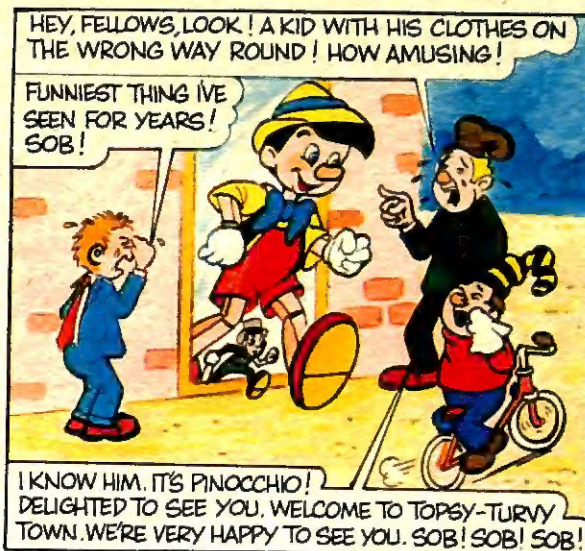




THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF PINOCCHIO



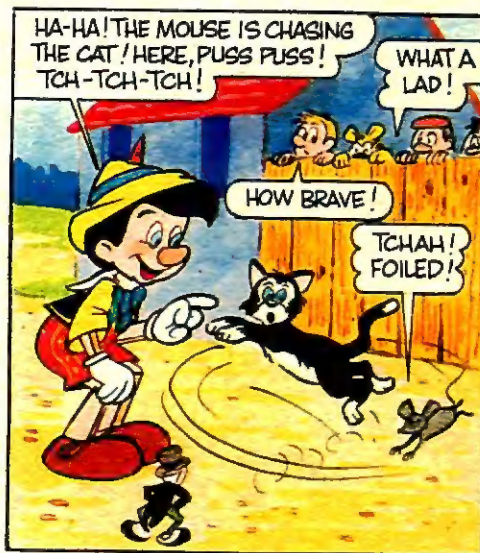
Pinocchio saw a fellow pass,
Right through a real glass looking-glass,
And being him, he thought he would
Go through as well—that's if he could.



It takes a lot to stop the kid,
So through the mirror go he did,
And there a wondrous land he found,
Where all things were the wrong way round.



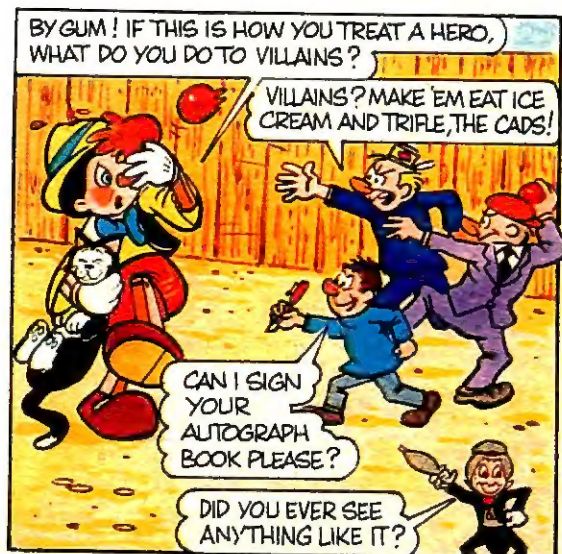
A cat had got out of its cage,
And all folks feared its wild rampage,
Though Pino thought, "Ee! What a fuss,
About a little kitty-puss!"



The cat itself was scared, for it
Had been hard pressed for quite a bit,
By a fierce mouse with flashing eyes,
Who was at least one-tenth its size.



Lad took the whole thing as a joke,
Which quite amazed those screwy folk,
Who thought that he was very brave,
The pussy from the mouse to save.



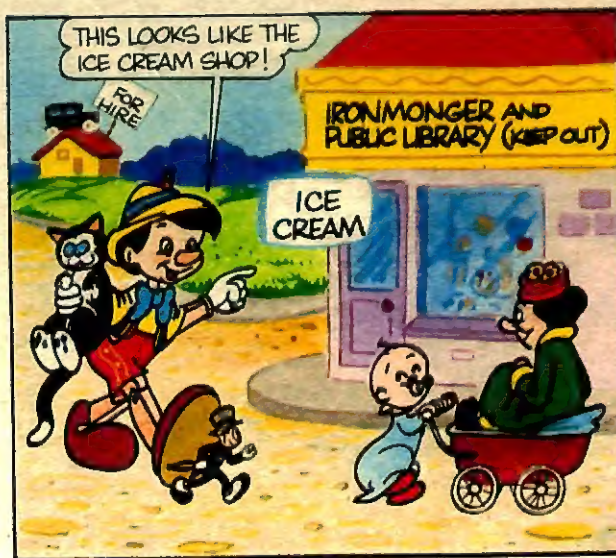
So, for reward, they showered the lad,
With things that had gone somewhat bad,
Which made him feel the thing to do,
Was to create a how-d'ye-do!



So Pino found a hefty stick,
And muttered, "This should do the trick—
I'll be a real bad lad instead—
And knock cop's helmet off his head!"



So strongly swiped our little kid,
It squashed cop's helmet flat, it did,
But then a convict came along,
And took cop to a prison strong.



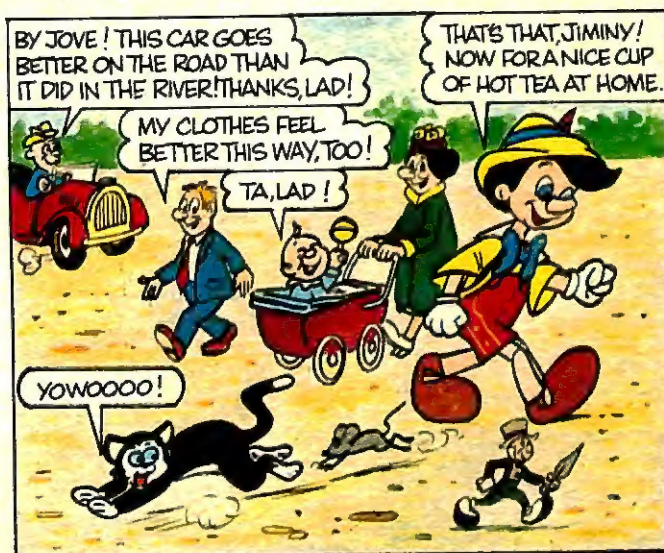
Now lad had tried his daft device,
In hopes of winning a nice ice,
But still he didn't get one, so
He thought he'd raid the ice-cream show.



He found an ironmongers, where they
Had got a notice on display,
Which claimed they could ice-cream provide,
So Pino took a step inside.



But, as you see, his luck was out,
And this made Pino mad, no doubt,
And so he went around the town,
And turned the whole lot upside down.



Of course, this put the whole thing right,
No daftery remained in sight—
So Pino hurried home—to find
Things dafter than he'd left behind.



DRAW US WITH THESE FREE PLASTIC SHAPES



Lots of laughs for girls and boys!
You'll have great fun drawing Toby Dog
and Goody Fox with the free plastic
stencils in this week's Toby.
And there are the antics of those colourful
characters like Toby, Patty and her
Magic Puppy, Pixie Bumpkin, Goody Fox
and all the others in this week's issue —

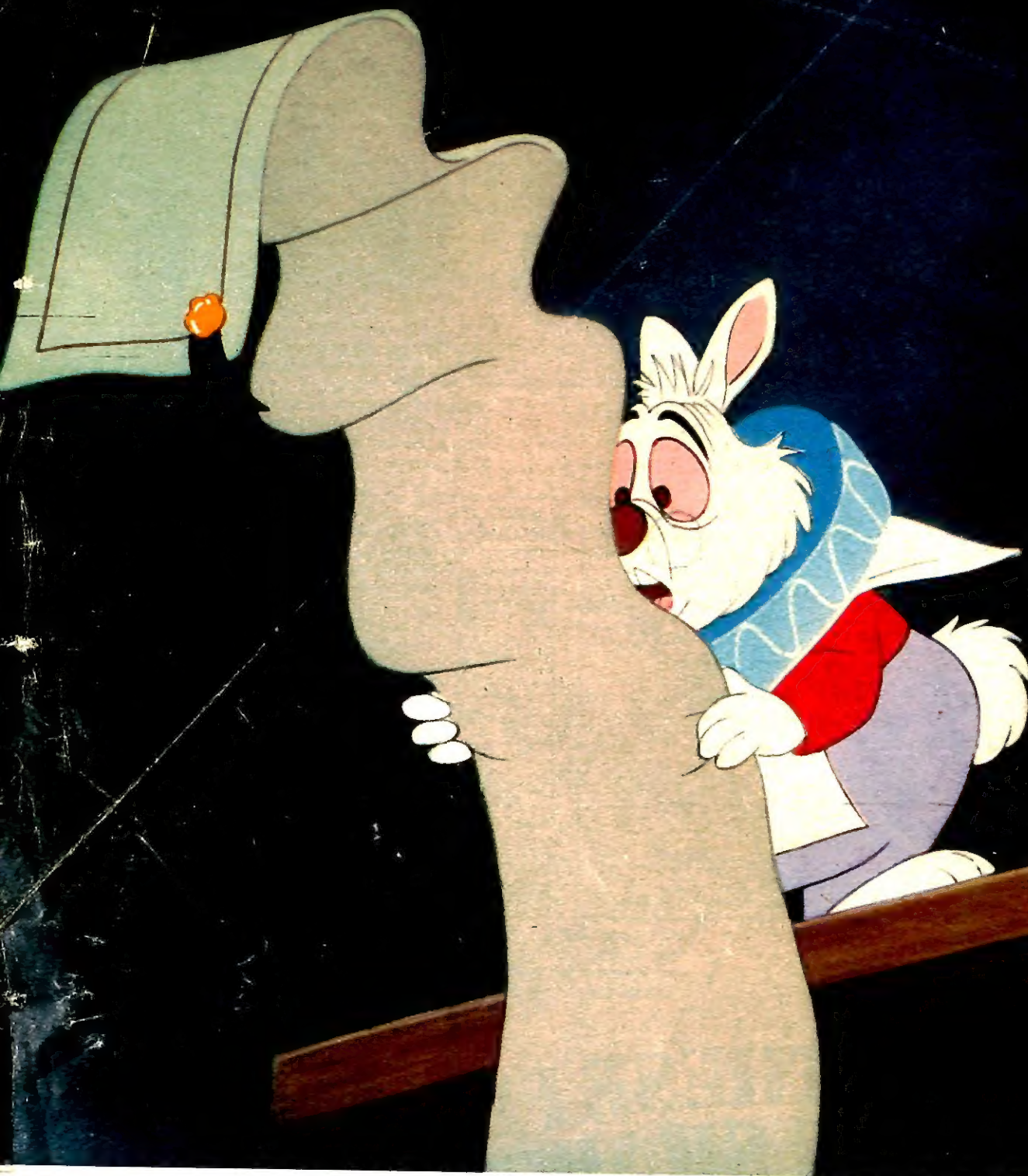
Toby

don't miss it!

ON SALE FRIDAY FEBRUARY 13

8p





HERE IS AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE

Dear Reader,

This is indeed a very sad letter for me to write because it is to tell you that this is the last issue of "The Wonderful World of Disney."

You see, in these days of high costs it is essential that if a paper like "The Wonderful World of Disney" is to succeed it must obtain very good sales. Unfortunately our paper has not been able to achieve such sales and therefore it has been decided by the publishers that next week "The Wonderful World of Disney" will be merged with that other splendid Walt Disney weekly entitled "Disneyland" Magazine.

I am very sorry to bid you all goodbye because I have had a lot of fun producing "The Wonderful World of Disney" and I hope that you have had lots of fun reading it.

Your favourite characters—Mickey Mouse, Brer Rabbit, Pinocchio, Alice in Wonderland and lots of other Disney folk—will be waiting for you in "Disneyland" Magazine so please remember—**NEXT WEEK ASK FOR DISNEYLAND MAGAZINE.**

Yours sincerely,

The Editor